

## Whips and Kicks

Raekwon

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah nigga  
That's all yall niggas talk about all fucking day man  
The whips man, Fucking cars and all that shit  
Fucking vehicles and shit man  
We been swing'n and all these niggas need to cut it out man  
Cause yall niggas is babies man

Remember the Four Runner's, Corsica's, Back with the gold cunnions  
Maxima yep, Stances, Audis with sick vances  
Datsun's, Corolla's, All of the oldies yo  
Riding through the city, Jetta's and Volvo's  
Crestas' was for the extra terrestrial  
Alpha Romeo's, Yeah the Wrangler's and Lexus'  
Pinto's, Geo's, Suzuki's was the truth yo  
Making them up town trips, Cops'll shoot you though  
Benz's, Five-sixties', Gallant's and the fly Rivies  
Rivera's look grisly huh  
You know we come through, Something mean under the sun roof  
I blow a blunt, Poof, Shorty singing I'm Koof  
Yeah the Sterling, The Grand Am's  
The Lincoln with the crab amps  
Made me mad, In the Blazer we all cramped  
Six deep, Four bags of cheeba, A crisp beat  
All I need to show you now is a sick Jeep

Eighty-four mopeds, Blue and white Pro-Keds  
Just started puff'n, Got instructions for an old head  
Co-ved, Wally rock'n niggas tryna grow dreads  
Back in the bush, Church Ave. on the juxs  
Shell toes, Black and white, No laces in em  
Pat U-edition had his whole face in em  
Straight leg denims, Taylor made shit  
Kareem Laker colors, Low cut suede tip  
Stay dipped, Stan Smith lay sick  
Two-toned colors, Put the taps on the rubber  
Puma rock'n nigga, Fuck a womber I was bigger  
See a bitch in seconds an assumed that I could rip her  
None hipper, Copped kicks with the zippers  
The Fila's arrived, It was Levi's and high  
In V Tracks I was simply the mack  
Everything I snatched had to match with the hat  
Reebok rocker, Whole crew couldn't knock us  
Fuck who, Only thing to do was just glock us  
Valley Competitions and the Jordan's hit stores  
I'm sitting reminiscing, T. La Rock it's yours  
Now fast forward time nigga still on the grind  
Haters everywhere, Nigga still gotta shine  
Gucci's all kinds, Switch em up for the weather  
Louis' in lime, Only do it for the pleasure  
Come fresher, From the tech on the dresser  
Fifth in the waist, Still crys'd and I'm laced

Niggas, And I do it for real you dig  
You know, I still rock the Gor-Tex and Tim's when necessary  
Other then that, Bogary low cuts the minimum  
Or I do the Italian Classic Olympic cut Gucci's  
Three quarters, You bum ass niggas